sir doctor cheekbones

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27842050.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Abigail Hobbs, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Different First Meeting, Doctor Hannibal Lecter, Doctor/Patient, -Ish, Will Graham Rides Motorcycles, Fluff and Humor, Hurt Will Graham, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Volunteers For the Air Ambulance, Will Graham is High on Anaesthesia, I Mean Painkillers not Anaesthesia (Sorry I'm a Dumbass), Will Graham is so Whipped, Medical Inaccuracies, probably
Language:	English
Collections:	Wholesome Hannigram
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-02 Words: 3,395 Chapters: 1/1

sir doctor cheekbones

by mushroomherb

Summary

when will graham had an accident that hurt him a little too much, he was not supposed to drool over the doctor that came with the chopper, right?

Notes

i watched too much of air ambulance er and got the idea of hannibal being the doctor.. will needs to be saved by him..

See the end of the work for more notes

“Hello, Will. Stay with me, love,” the first voice he registered (successfully) in his mind was what he later learned to remember as Abigail’s, the paramedic of the air ambulance that had picked him up from where he *crashed* into a car, and *broke* his right shoulder, and there was no one besides him and the driver of the car –who was surprisingly conscious enough of what had happened, did not panic that much, responsible enough to call *nine-one-one*, stayed with him for about an hour or so.

And then the sound of his *crash*, –ringing in his ears, come and go following the movement of a pendulum– and his agony, and his own rapid heartbeat were deemed down, buried deep to be replaced fully by the blaring of sirens. Ah, ambulance. Probably fire department too, since he had caught the sight of his motorcycle and the car (it was a miracle the car driver could come out from his car with minimum scratches).

There were too many of them, people, humans, too many, so *fucking* many, people with bright overalls and red-blue-white lights that Will got dizzy just by the colours alone.

Paramedic *someone* had reached him first, soothing, gloved hands on his skin, her lulling voice got through the throngs of his self-defence that was portrayed as the melody of his beating heart. Why did it keep getting faster? Should not it be slower, if he was going to die?

And then he didn’t remember what had happened, the next few minutes. Just– *agony* first, and then nothing. Paramedics with green overalls giving him painkiller–s, woozy waves in his brain as he tried to answer the questions asked by them, remembered a little some of them, about the day, about *what* day it was, *where* he was. Though, he was not sure entirely about the answers he gave them, at least, they would know he *could* still *hear* them, could answer them, that was the point of the questions, right?

Vaguely he remembered also, static-like sounds, most probably the paramedics again, requesting *something*, *what*, he could not remember one bit. But in the next ten minutes, there was a new whirring sound from probably a hundred meter away, dizzying him a bit more, not much but still, whirring like that of a helicopter’s blade, rotor, *so* loud, *shut up*. And it did, shut up, though Will was sure they were taking their time. Whatever.

After that came the steps, footsteps, two pairs. Sure, fast, efficient, experienced. And then came orange, bright orange, ridiculously orange.

Oh the greens were much better.

Two figures standing beside him, heads looming above Will, with blinding bright orange overalls, *big ass* bags slung over their shoulders before they set them down by Will’s side. The bags were orange too, to make it worse. Abigail came up to him, the aforementioned paramedic of the air ambulance.

Ah. So the land paramedics was calling back-up. Condition that bad that they needed to go as *fast* as possible to the nearest trauma centre, apparently.

Abigail's presence was calming, she put another pair of soothing hands on his forehead and his lower arm, *hmm... soothing indeed* –much like his mother's when he had a fever back then in his joyous days as a five-year-old kid–, she introduced herself, as Abigail, *that* he remembered.

And just then, a few seconds later, he noticed someone else at the other side of his stretcher. Male, broad shoulders and… an even more *calming* presence. His turn to introduce himself and said that he was the doctor accompanying Abigail and the air ambulance crew. But for God's sake he didn't catch his name. He said it *out loud* near his ringing ears and Will did not catch it.

It was the drugs. It was the drugs and the drugs' fault only.

"Will, good man, stay with us," now *that* was *his* voice. The doctor's. *Will's* doctor.

Hazy state, woozy brain, *heavy ass* eyes, he pried them open just to *look*, and *make notes* inside his drug-induced brain, although he realised it was starting to wear off and the sky was clear again and the pain came back as well, but then he could *see*. Not really something appropriate for him to do at his state, but Will was going to die, at least let him do anything he wanted – including sizing up *his* doctor.

Ah, man, *wow*.

Those high– high cheekbones, sharp jaws probably sharper than his scalpel, skin so *pretty* like it was soaked in honey, ash-y, blond-y, grey-y hair dropped low almost to his eyebrows, fluffy and straight and smooth, eyes as red as blood in the moonlight, and he wanted to– *stop, fucking drugs*.

Apparently the doctor had started talking again when Will was so distracted by his face alone, *that's enough of a replacement for the painkillers, right?*

Will did not register the first few words, but the doctor kept speaking, stating that, "–here's what's going to happen, Will. We will give you a strong painkiller, and we will try to place your bones back to place, it's going to be a little painful– "

A snort, he managed to get a snort out and a pained smile before cutting the doctor off, "That's reassuring, Doc."

Doctor Cheekbones (Will had decided it was his name for the time being –also, *let him touch those cheekbones, please*, because, remember, he was going to die) apparently found that to be amusing, as a smile of his own appeared and he leaned down a bit closer to Will and Will suddenly found it a little difficult to focus on anything else but the doctor's voice, *soothing*, *rich* and *velvety*, *low on the register* and–

"I'm sorry, Will, we just want to let you know. It will be a little painful but you probably won't remember any of it after this, okay? Keep your eyes open, Will," what a *handsome* voice.

And what was that about losing his memories after this? Heh, jokes on the doc as Will had ingrained his very essence in his brain (this, later, proved to be a double-edged sword when he had wake up, sober and clear-headed).

“It’s kinda heavy, Doc. My eyes, he– heavy.”

“I know, Will, but try to keep it open, okay? We’ll get you sorted out soon.”

Liquid into his skin, something was working in his brain again, and it was just in a matter of minutes when the drug started working and Will was *flying*. Accompanied by the gritting of his teeth as Doctor Cheekbones and Paramedic Abigail and the other first responders worked his bones back to its rightful place. He heard them muttered praises of how brave and incredible he was, making him feel like a kid-on-Christmas. Other people would *scream* and *shout* and *cry* when that happened to them, even with the help of ketamine. Will only gritted his teeth and cry. Like, teardrop cry.

Still painful, *fucking painful*, when the doctor shot him another dose of ketamine, he heard him said the painkiller worked quickly, but wore off quickly also. And it would not remove all the pain just like that. *Of course*.

The minutes he was bandaged up, pulled up to be put on a moving stretcher, saddled up safely, wheeled into the helicopter, was so hazy he almost didn’t remember any of it. Except for a strong hand that held his own in a firm grip, as if to reassure him everything was going to be alright, all along the way.

He woke up a minute later or so, still flying high like a kite he used to play with his dad when he was in third grade, the place he was in was a bit narrow now, to his left side was the doctor, helmet on, seatbelts strapped, *his* hand on Will’s and Will smiled *happily* at that, like *happily happy*, joyful happy, like when his crush in high school had kissed him good night on their first date.

“Hello, Doc,” he said, the doctor’s head lifted up from whatever he was writing with his free hand on the clipboard, he smiled gently at Will.

“Hello, Will. How are you feeling?”

Another snort, “Isn’t that kind of obvious, Doc?”

Doctor Cheekbones just smiled wider, put down his clipboard and moved slightly as the restrain of the seatbelts allowed him to, closer to Will.

“My apologies, my dear, we will get you to the hospital very soon, okay?”

“Am I in the chopper, Doc?”

“Yes, you are. Relax and we will be in the hospital in fifteen minutes, yeah?”

The grip on his hand tightened, a thumb rubbed small circles on his skin, and just then, *just then*, that he really looked at the doctor’s face. Rays of sun hit the skin so perfectly Will was sure Mister Doctor walked straight out of a painting before being called to Will’s accident.

And, before he could stop himself, “Ugh– those cheekbones, what are they made of, Doc?”

The doctor tilted his head slightly to the right, an amused smile perched, and he answered, “Bones,” so matter-of-factly, but not mocking. Just amused. Probably *very* amused. Oh man, whatever it was, sure was one hell of a drug. Will only hummed.

“Hey, Doc,” he started again, unable to stop himself even if some small conscious part of his brain, buried deep inside all the other parts that was drugged to the moon and back, pleaded for him not to say anything more to embarrass himself. He couldn’t help it, though.

“Yes, Will?”

Just… Because… “D’you know that you are beautiful, Doc? Like– like, *so* beautiful.”

The doctor smiled even wider, crinkles on the corner of his eyes, *yes, very amused indeed*, “Thank you very much, Will.”

“Yeah… *you*, beautiful-beautiful. Y’know, almost like, David, sculpted by Sir Michelangelo himself. And, and… Your hair is beautiful too. No David’s curls, well, that’s more like mine, but that’s not even a problem. Also the colours– they– kinda like a squirrel’s, browny-grey, grey-uhh, brown silver? And oh– can I touch it? Your hair? It’s pretty, *you* are so pretty, Doctor.”

This time the doctor could not help but to laugh a little, he could also hear (under the busy buzzing of the chopper) the pilot and Abigail snickered from the front seat, Doctor Cheekbone’s free hand managed to give a cover over his mouth as an act of something close to *shyness* and politeness. He didn’t take his eyes off of Will as he, again, thanked him.

“That is very kind of you, thank you, Will. But I’m afraid I can’t let you touch it for now,” a pause, Will smiled sheepishly, *for now, well, there’s always tomorrow or some other times, then,* gripping tighter to the doctor’s hand at the answer.

“Mm. Yeah, okay. Can I just hold your hand, then?” Will asked, entwining their fingers together for *safety* purpose.

“You are, Will, you are holding my hand.”

Will nodded, shifted his gaze after, blinked at that also, a few times, that type of blink where he shut his eyes close so firmly, to open it again so wide it ended up with Will looking like he wanted to burst his eyeballs out of the sockets. Neck craned to look down at the birds-eye view from the helicopter, although apparently that was only in his mind because he just managed to push his head up a little before a strong hand gently held him in place.

He looked towards the doctor incredulously, an unexpected pout on his lips (the doctor thought it was *so* adorable, although he didn’t say it). Will was about to say something snarky and smart-ass-y and arsehole-y but was interjected even before he managed to open his mouth.

“Try not to move your head around, Will,” he nodded meekly, chirped out a small okay and drifted off to some weird, foggy land. Doctor Cheekbone’s hands cradling his head all the while –*man, how could someone’s hand be that warm?*

Some minutes later, Will only realised then the accent that seeped through Doctor Cheekbone’s lips, heavy in his ears. *Where was it from*?

“You not around here, Doc?” he asked, looking sideways so he could catch that beautiful sight of a pair of cheekbones.

His doctor only raised an eyebrow, he didn’t hear it but the lips formed the word *pardon* so beautifully. It clicked in his brain then.

“Oh, wait, sorry,” a giggle, followed by, “of course you’re here. You’re aaall around me. Anyway, I mean, are you not *from* around here, Doctor? Good old ‘Merica?” each word emphasising on how *Will Graham does not sound so drugged up*. Nice try.

There was a chuckle accompanying Will’s doctor’s answer.

“No, I am from Eastern Europe,” voice lilting into something akin to fondness.

Will was going to ask something else again, dig up some useful information he could get from the doc when the whirring and the slight full-body vibrations stopped, Doctor Cheekbones turned his head to the window, checking in again with (Will guessed) Abigail and the pilot of the chopper, about what he wasn’t sure.

But shortly afterwards he noticed even more people with funny clothes that loomed over him, too close and a little overwhelming. At least his Doctor did not go anywhere, stayed by his side as he wheeled Will’s safely clad body into emergency room. Abigail smiled down at him too, so, eh, he guessed it wasn’t that bad.

Correction.

It *was* that bad.

So bad.

Just a second after, Doctor Cheekbones went *astray* and away from him, hospital doctors now replaced his soothing embrace, their scrubs were the wrong colours, all wrong and *dull* and *boring*. The only right colour should be used from then on was orange, and said Orange Overall Doctor commanded the room as he briefed the staffs of Will’s injuries, what he had done for pre-hospital care and the motorcyclist’s current condition.

The doctor walked up beside him after, all reassuring smiles that Will couldn’t help but to *actually* be assured.

“They are going to take care of you now, Will. Be good, alright? They’re going to treat you well,” *God*, those words came alongside a firm grip over his hand and fingers brushing against his skin.

But– as much as Will liked it- “Where are you going? You’re not taking care of me?” he asked, with eyebrows furrowed deep and a guarded sense shadowing at the back of his mind.

The smile that adorned his doctor’s face was *beautiful* as much as it was regretful.

“I did, didn’t I? Now *they* are taking care of you. I have to go bandage up some other Wills again, wouldn’t want them to be hurt, right?”

Will was in an utter desperation at how bad he didn’t want Doctor Cheekbones to go. What if– they wouldn’t meet again, would they? He wouldn’t get to know *which* part of Eastern Europe the doctor came from, wouldn't get to know how his fingers were so elegant and skilful and they were such an epitome of *peace-bearing*, wouldn't get to hear his name rolling out of the doctor's lips again.

And so, with the miserable desperation clawing its way out of his body, “*Nooo,* nooo. No, wait, Doctor, where you goin’? Don’t leave me here, please! Doctor!” at the sight of his doctor walking away, small wave graced at him from afar, warm pool of brown twinkling when the sunrays hit, and Will would always remember the smile that never went away from the doctor’s face as he gracefully ambled off, way and away from Will.

---

epilogue

It was a little too warm when he woke up, he must be sweating with this much heat. Opening his eyes was also a little hard, they were still *so* heavy. But he had to, *must*. Because Alana’s voice was a demure note somewhere from his left.

He came to with Alana’s face an exasperated image above him, delicate hands patting lightly over his shielded one, and at least he tried to smile back at her.

“Hey,” hoarser than he expected his voice to be, but supposed it *was* in fact expected, after he slept like a sleep-deprived new-born baby the whole night before.

He realised with a bit of a dread, when his soul had fully awakened inside, that Alana was looking at him kind of funny. Which was an alarming sight by itself. Because she never looked at him like that. Like, actually never. And now Will was worried.

“Good morning to you too, Will Graham,” oh no her tone was funny too.

“Why are you speaking to me like that?” he asked, Alana only raised an eyebrow as if she didn’t know what he meant.

“What do you mean, Will?” she did it again.

“Well, like *that*. What happened? What did I do?”

One corner of her lips turned up, a flick of her fingers against dark hair before she settled to the seat to Will’s left side of the hospital bed.

“You feeling okay?” *thank fuck* for sounding genuine now, Alana.

Will looked down his body, took notes of the places where he was bandaged up, arm so sore he wanted to do *nothing* at all with it. But overall, he was just peachy.

“Get me out of here and I’ll be better,” he answered, at last, he truly *despised* the hospital, medicines and hospital-grade cleaning supplies definitely did not smell great. And that remark needed to be vocalised, so–

“You know how much I hate this place.”

Alana’s risen eyebrows brought back that worry from the back of his brain. Her knowing upturns of lips did not help either.

And he was about to start belabouring her were it not for the next sentence that came out of her throat.

“Really? I heard a different story from the nurses and the doctors.”

Well, what does that mean?

“What? What do you mean, Alana? My brain’s not really up for Jack-level of thinking right now.”

Alana chuckled lightly, fist came up to support her chin as she said, *more like mimicked*, “’*Wait, no, Doctor! Please don’t leave me!*’”

Huh, what?

What was she doing again? Was that supposed to be him? Will Graham? Saying those things? To *who*?

“That was me? I said that, apparently? And why would I say that?”

Will really did not remember. Really, he never *begged*. Alana must be mistaken, the nurses and the doctors must be mistaken. Gears working hard in his mind, he tried to recount the events of yesterday, or two days ago, or whatever. Will had had an accident, okay. And then the paramedics came, and they took care of everything, and he was sent to this hospital soon after. And that was it.

There was no doctor that looked like David, no voice that lulled him to serenity with a foreign accent, so beautiful in his ears. There was also no skin like honey under the sun, no soft stroking from elegant fingers that paid so much attention to his wounds as he was high above the sky. There was definitely no–

Wait a second.

Wait.

Oh.

Oh, fuck.

Came a barrage of image from deep in his brain that knocked the wind out of his body. Will's eyes widened when they did not stop coming, endearments going back and forth behind his eyes like a pendulum swing, soothing touches all over his body to check and bandage up, soft voice whispered in the winds to assure, *Doctor Cheekbones* smiled at him as he waved goodbye.

Alana's cackle slapped him out of his stupor.

Will looked aside, his okay hand up to his face, an oil drum full of *embarrassment* dumped over his head.

What the fuck.

What the actual fuck.

Alana did not stop laughing either.

Will had *flirted* with his rescuer. Had hold his hand tight for a definitely-not-short period of time, wiggled his fingers so as to feel how the doctor's skin felt against his own. Had thought of *things* he *should not* all the while he was being taken care of *professionally* by the doctor. Had decided to call him *Doctor-fucking-Cheekbones* in his mind and *begged* him to not go and leave his miserable ass in the hospital.

Oh fucking dear, kill him already.

---

epilogue 2.0

"Well, Will Graham, want *his* number?"

"Hell yes."

End Notes

thank you for reading! have a great day!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!